The bush of twilight, far and wide, Fails on the green and sloping meadows: All tremulous the aspens stand. By way-worn sephyra lightly fanned. Where the clear brooklet's mimis tide Eweeps enward to the shadows.

All day its sun-fleeked ripples flow Through pastures strewn with bay clover:
Through ionely glons where alders lean
To kiss the dimpled waves, unseen,
And sweet wild roses blush below

Hy this low bridge and moss-grown fence, in fitful mood its music tarries; While fluted beach-leaves wide dispread, And circling swallows overhead Move lightly, till coch wavelet hence Some fair reflection carries.

Up the broad shoulders of the hills Soft twilight shadows climb and darken; But on their faces, westward set, A smile of sunset trembles yet, And there a throstic sings, and thrills The world below to hearken!

Far off the cuckeo's plaintive call, Scarce separate from the silence, ling In shadowiand the blossoms sleep, Where white-robed mists arise to keep Their nightly watch, caressing all Wigh silent, dewy fingers.

The stars peep forth, the afterglow Fades slowly out behind the larches: The birds are husbed—save one that seems To chirp a little in his greams— When outcast breezes faintly blow Adown the woodland arches.

The ripples vanish, seaward drawn:
The flowers in sleep their perfume render
Sonishtly round each darkening slope
The light is sown in patient hope,
That the rich harvest of the dawn
May rise in golden splendor!
—Sunday Magazine.

HOW HE ESCAPED.

Martha Willis stood at the door of her father's log cabin on the banks of the Angelina River in Texas. She was gazing intently across the stream. The river was narrow, and the crossing was in the primitive style which prevails in some portions of the State—a rope, stretched tightly from bank to bank, and tied to convenient trees, by means of which a small flat, or "bateau." usually manned by two persons, was drawn back and forth.

This hot, drowsy, summer afternoon, Martha—a girl of seventeen years thought the longest she had ever spent. other side of the river, and the field around the house was a sun-baked waste. Would her father never come?

He and the hired man had gone that ten, who had slipped into the woods to

solitudes. Two years before, her his fortunes on a Texas farm, but had proposed to Martha to remain with his relatives in Virginia until he had a suit-

able home for her.
"You are not accustomed to roughing it," he said; "and life where I shall settle will be hard and lonely for years. It is a new place. Our nearest neighbor will be live miles away. I do not like to take you there at all, and if you are wise you will stay with your aunt,

who wants you very much."
"Then I'm not a bit wise," Martha said, with her bright face full of determination. "And I think my kind father is not quite wise in proposing such a thing to me. Why, who will attend to you and Robbie - a mere baby he is too? If you are sick, who will nurse you? I dare say, I'm not the most helpful girl in the world, but do you really think I should be happy in

kinds of privation?"

So Martha had her own way, and being a bright, intelligent girl, had adapted herself to her new life with wonderful facility. Her neighbors were such as in the come back."

In a short time he was back again with the rest of the party.

"No signs," he drawled. "We lost the track in that ar thicket, and certain of his pale, sensitive face."

It would have been an interminable argument, but by this time Harry Burton had returned, and Mr. Willis did not retain his anger long at the sight of his pale, sensitive face. kind, good people, but they had little to visit, and then they were so far off that frequent social calls were im-

possible.

But Martha interested herself in domestic duties. She raised poultry and made the best butter in the county. She had a good collection of books, and leisurely marched to the house Indian She had a good collection of books, and received some periodicals. She tried also to keep up her studies; for she reasoned justly that, if improved circumstances allowed them again to mix in cultivated society, it would not do for her to blush for her own ignorance.

The this flavour time heavy

the other side, that it might be ready row path.
"It's been as long as ten days," she

said, throwing herself down in a rock-ing-chair on the small porch. "I be-lieve I'm getting tired of this louely thing, and nothing happens one day different from any other day. And when father's away it's a thousand times worse. I wouldn't care much what happened, were it only something out of the old routine. I'm getting like the old sluggish pond in the field, and I feel the green scum growing over

Her discontented eyes fixed themselves on the swampy forest before the cabin, and they did not move, even when she heard the gallop of a horse soming down the road. "It's old Jake Potter coming to bor-

row a saw, or something; or one of those abominable Haldon boys racing after a stray cow," she thought.

But no; the horseman was neither
Jake Potter nor a Ha'don boy. As he
pulled up his horse before the cabin,

Martha saw he was a gentlemaniy-looking young man of about twenty years of age, with a pale face, and a strange, wild look. He touched his hat to her in a mechanical manner. 'Can I get over the river here?" he

"No. sir. We don't keep the public stry," she answered. "That's more than five miles down the river."

He jumped from his horse, and came rapidly toward her. "If you'll only get me over, he said, drawing some money out of his pocket, "I'll give you twenty-five dollars. It's every cent I have, and it's a matter of life and death for me to get over immediately. and it's a matter of life and For heaven's sake, help me, won't

The imploring tone, the look of agony the young man's eyes, startled urtha. Was this a madman before her, and she alone and in his power? No, he did not look insane; though he kept turning and casting wild glances in the direction whence he had come.

stranger—never was in this town in my life before last night—and the settlers take me for a member of some notorious horse-thief's gang. If they catch me—you know Texas justice—they'll hang me to the nearest tree, and try me after I'm dead. For the sake of all looking horseman dashed up to the gate. "Got him, Job?"

Speed, and more than all for my looking horseman dashed up to the gate. "Got him, Job?"

"No. Curnel, but we've got your reazing near

was certain. But even had he been, for his youth, and his mother's sake, it is probable Martha would have done just as she did.

"I'll help you," she said. "No, you can't hide in the house," seeing his eyes turn to it. "There are but two rooms, and no loft, and they'll be through them in no time. They'll search the barn and stable too. The woods back there are not safe, for of woods back there are not safe, for of course they'll go over the whole ground if they track you here."

"I got away from them about noon,"
he said. "They were lying under the
trees half drunk, and asleep, and I gave
them the slip. My pony was tied in
the woods, and I don't think they missed me until they waked up. But of course they'll track me here, or near

here. I must lose no time."

Martha thought for a few minutes. "I can think of but one plan," she said.
"You must disguise yourself. I have
the dress of a German woman who has
been at work for me for a short time. She was about your height and size. Here it is," taking a dress from a nail. Go into the house and put it on, and I will turn your pony loose in the woods. In an hour or two he will be far enough

from here.

When she returned, the young man was turned into a tall, awkward woman. Martha added to his toilet a large handkerchief pinned across the breast, and an immense green sunbonnet which

shaded his face completely.

"Anv one would take you for Bertha," she said, surveying him critically. "She don't speak a word of English, so you needn't open your lips: and she wore her sunbonnet even at meals. Oh, I forgot your boots. Here, put on this pair of father's old shoes.' "Don't you hear horses galloping? cried the youth, his face getting ghast-

Martha listened. Yes, there was no The cattle stood panting in the stream near the shore. Not a breeze stirred the jungle of trees and bushes on the man was trembling in every limb.

doubt of it. Horsemen were coming ry Burton; and my mother will thank you some day for this."

"Why did you leave home to wanman was trembling in every limb.
"It's not that I'm afraid of death," der around in this way?" Martha asked he said; "I'm not a coward; but such a

shameful, unjust death"——
"This won't do," she interrupted. ner alone with Bobbie, her little six-year-old brother—who at that moment was lying asleep on the floor in an inper room—and Eph, a little colored boy of ten, who had slipped into the worls. "Your nervousness will betray you. oom—and Epn, a ratio color of the woods to an end spin a ratio and to the woods to hunt squirrels.

Now Martha was not a Texas girl, would be suspicious. Just put your now, and perhaps, when your father returns, he will set me across the river. two hands on the rake—so; and rest returns, he will set me across the river. your chin on them, and look boldly at I'm going to ride all night, for I'm just the people. In that sunbonnet no one can easily tell whether you're white or black."

He obeyed submissively, but Martha. glancing furtively at him as four or five

ance with. "Good-arternoon, Miss Willis," he awled. "Well, now, has a young fellow on a dun pony crossed the river this afternoon?" "Martha was delighted that the ques-

tion took this form.
"No, Colonel Gardner; no one has erossed the river, because as you see, my father took the flat to the other side, and there it is now. He went to Crosstown this morning, and hasn't come back yet."

"Well, lot's reconnoiter, boys; may shirking all my duties and staying in luxury, while you are undergoing all kinds of privation?"

be he tried to swim it. You Johnson, stay here till I come back."

In a short time he was back again

"Job Lyons and the fellars will come

up with him, I reckon," said one of hand w the men. "You told 'em to meet us panion. here, didn't you, Curnel?"
"Yes," and to Martha's dismay the

But this afternoon time hung heavy on her hands. Her father in going over the river had left the flat fastened on the river had left the glight be ready.

Poor Martha would have given worlds to have got them into the house and out of sight of the fletitious German for him on his return. Vainly she strained her eyes through the thick undergrowth of the opposite bank, hoping to see him coming down the narwoman, who, as if her curlosity had tion, Martha forced herself to talk to

"You don't often come this way, Colonel Gardner," she said.
"No, my dear; but a confounded horse-thief has stole my Romus and Remus-my two best horses-and we're from it, than to support herself inde-after him, you see." from it, than to support herself inde-"How do you know he stole them?"

Martha ventured. "Know! Well, my dear, Johnson he seed a strange lad wanderin' about near my stable, bout nine o'clock at night. He had come to the tavern that even-

striving to be courteous.
"O yes." she answered readily; "old Mr. Maxwell brought our meal, and Jim Pendleton rode here to get father's

scythe."
"Well, we'll sarch—meanin' no offense, my dear"—and the Colonel waddled into the house, while the men stattered into the outbuildings. Nerved on by the emergency, Martha strove to go on quietly with a piece of work she had hastily caught up. In a few min-utes they returned, the old Colonel puffing and blowing, and fanning him-self with his hat. He sank into a seat-near her.

near her. 'I'm sorry your pa wasn't here," he said; "but I hope, my dear, you aint seared. My girls don't seare worth a

Martha looked at him as he spoke.
Like all self-reliant people, she formed her judgment of persons quickly and decidedly. No, he was not guity, she was certain. But even had he been, for his youth, and his mother's sake, it is probable Martha would have done just.

"No, Curnel, but we've got your hosses. They was a-grazing near loggy Creek. You brought us, Curnel, on a wild-grose chase, fur them hosses aint bin stole. Jest slipped their halters and got away. I'm off to my work;" and he galloped away.

Delight and dismay chased each other

fever in sheep are caused by this fun-gus. There may be and are other causes, but this poisonous vegetable parasite is the most frequent agent in

youngster's neck, as you and Johnson wanted," said one of the men sternly. "We ought to thank our stars he got away. "Wall, now," said the Colonel, help-

lessly, "we've bin chasin' a fellow for nothin', eh?" nothin', eh?"

"Looks monstrously like it," said
the man who had just spoken; "and
we were within an ace of hangin' him
to the first convenient limb, fur nothin',

too. Look here, Curnel, you dont git me out agin when your hosses git away."

They rode off, leaving the crest-fallen Colonel to follow at his leisure.

As he rolled his portly bulk to the

gate, Martha heard him muttering:
"Wall, now, how in thunder did
them hosses break loose?" It was over-the fear and suspense Martha had never fainted in her life, but she felt faint and sick, and closed her eyes for a few minutes. When she opened them, the young man had taken off his disguise and was in his own clothes, and looking at her gratefully.
"I can't thank you," he said.
"You've done so much for me that I can't express myself. But for you I d them, the young man had taken smut first appears as a white granular substance, very much like that of an substance, very much like that of an unripe puff ball, but soon develops the peculiar well-known black, powdery spores, which are the frait of the mature plant. Upon examining the parts of the affected plants where the smut first appears, the substance of the seem and leaf is seen under the microscopa to be filled with threads of myce. should have been dangling to one of those trees. They wouldn't have given

me ten minutes."
"You're safe now," she said.
"Yes. But I wouldn't have showed myself even when I heard all, because it might have injured you with your neighbors—for assisting a supposed horse-thief. My name is Burton—Har-

curiously. Harry Burton looked a little confused,

but said: "Well, the fact is, I thought I'd see a little of the world. To tell the truth, I've been away from home two months, and had written my mother that I was coming back to look after matters on wild to see home again.

Martha directed him to the where his pony had been turned loose, and then sat down to think quietly. What an afternoon it had been! And men rode into the yard, saw the hands folded over the top of the rake shaking. The leader of the party, a short, stout, elderly man, she had a slight acquaintence with with questions as to where she had gone, and who was the strange man gone. who had come from behind the house. It was sunset when Mr. Willis returned. He was seriously angry and frightened at Martha's imprudence, and the risk she ran in sheltering a possible felon; but he was proud, too, of her bravery and presence of mind.

"Never do such an act again, my girl," he said. "It was a dangerous experiment, I can tell you!" "But he was innocent, and I knew girl." it," Martha urged. "Must we run no risks to shield the innocent?"

It would have been an interminable My mother will thank you," was all he said to Martha, as he shook her hand warmly at parting .- Youth's Com-

A Plea for Occupations for Men.

We have heard enough of woman's "sphere" and its enlargement. Wom-en's "rights" have ceased to be dwelt upon with so much force since they have quietly stepped forward and taken them. Several cases have come to my knowledge of late where men have trained their wives into a knowledge of their business. One of them, who had been a soldier and came home with broken health, made this provision for his family in case of his death, and he has died, as much a hero and a martyr as if he had perished on the battle-field. His wife is now able to carry on his business and to support herself and her family reputably and comfortably. We have been driven to such things by stress of circumstances. It may be stress of circumstances. It may be contrary to all our old notions; we may still think it wiser for women to marr for a home, however she may shrink

The fact is, there is no absolute rule to regulate the work or the relations of men and women. It is a matter of cus tom, and customs may change if it be expedient. Now, as our customs are changing, why should not men learn certain things which would give them something to do and make them hap-He had come to the tavern that evening, and he walked about town prospectin', as you may say, and Johnson
he says he's the moral of young Cave,
and he's the right-hand man of Amos
White, the boldest horse-thief in this
county. We'll catch up with him:

"We aint sarched these premises,"
grumbled the dark-looking ruffian they
called Johnson. "Maybe he's hid in
the hen-house, or somewhar."

"You are welcome to search, gentlemen," said Martha, rising with alacrity.
The strain was too much for her, and
she felt as if she was in danger of
screaming aloud, or going into a fit of
hysteries before them.

"There's pony tracks up to this here
gate, said Johnson, scowling at her.
"There's pony tracks up to this here
gate, said Johnson, scowling at her.
"Had anybody been here to-day?"
drawled Colonel Gardner, who was
striving to be courteous.

"You was passwered readily, table

expedient. Now, as our customs are
changing, why should not men learn
be dand make them hapsomething to do and make them hapsite? Why may not men knit, or sew,
or crochet? Of course, it sounds very
odd; indeed, I do not know that I
should have pluck enough to be found
that blesses. But why not? Why sit
idle? I am not always tired; I do not
the hen-house, or somewhar."

"You are welcome to search, gentlemen," said Martha, rising with alacrity.
The strain was too much for her, and
she felt as if she was in danger of
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striving to be courteous.

Boys ought to learn. Why should

Boys ought to learn. Why should they leave all their things about for they leave all their things about for others to take care of—for the weary mother, if there be not servants enough? Why shouldn't a boy, if he is off on a tramp, be able to sew on a button or mend a hole in his stocking properly? They sometimes manage to do it, but how? And now, when it is a sort of fashion to have a ranch in Colorado, or somewhere where no woman may venture. I don't see any way but for the somewhere where no woman may venture, I don't see any way but for the boys to learn these things. Let them knit their stockings instead of plaving cards. I believe in interchange. Why may women enter into so many of our occupations and we be excluded from theirs? "Effeminate," is it? Not of pages sity. Why is it any more accessing said; "but I hope, my dear, you sint scared. My girls don't scare worth a majorry, sir," she said, "but the fat was taken to the other side by my father, who has not vet returned. Look, you can see it from here."

"Then i shall have to swim the river." he said, turning from her.

"You must not!" she exclaimed earnestly. "The river is swollen by the last rains, and the tide is running like a mill-race! Not even a strong horse could swim it, and yours"—looking at the tired little pony—"would not get half-way over."

"Ho paused i freesolutely for one moment, and then te raced h's sieps.

"You look good and kind," he said, "And I'm sure you wouldn't harm me." I'm sure you wouldn't harm me." I'm sure you wouldn't harm me. I'll trust you. I am pursued by men who accuse me of a thing I never droamed of doing. I am a perfect.

"Robicoked up in astonishment at his the direction whence had come." I said; "but I hope, my dear, you sint said; "but I hope, my dear, you sint seared. My girls don't scare worth a cent, but you're a stranger, and puny the least raine, that witing or any other one cessity. Why is it any more so, cave to a cent, but you're not used to our ways. You see, in Texas we don't low trailing the continual to work?" looking currously at the leaf-raced his swell-kind work? There are trades where men sew, as we know, and in many a business a boy has to learn some rudimentary practice of the color, as a surgeon, must thread a needle, sew bandages, to say nothing of other artistic stitches. You see my plan only carries matters, is it? Not of necessity. Why is it any more so, cave the cent, with a seed to our ways. You see, in Texas we don't low trailing the cotor, as a surgeon, must thread a needle, sew bandages, to say nothing of other artistic stitches. You see my plan only carries matters a trifle farther, and would teach, as an art, that which is good."—Prof. A. E. Blount, of the Color as a surgeon, must thread a needle, sew bandages, to say nothing of other artistic stitches. You see my plan only carries

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

Smut In Corn.

Every year smut in corn is increasing to that it is rare now to find a field free from it, while some farms are infected

with it to an alarming extent. I say alarming, advisedly, because farmers or stock men realize the mischief this par-

nsite may do, and setually does produce. The nature of smut is somewhat akin to

the nature or smut is somewhat as in to that other fungus, ergot, in its effect upon the urinary and uterine organs. It cannot be doubted that the so-called murrain, of which the chief symptoms are impaction of the rumen, indigestion and blood-poisoning; braxy or enteric fever in sheep are caused by this fun-

roducing these diseases.

Its specific character and manner of

growth, too, are by no means generally known, and this is unfortunate; because

if we are to find any remedy it must first be through a knowledge of the habits of

After several years' investigation o

corn smut, I have come to the conclu-sion that it is a true parasitic disease of

the corn plant, produced by infection taken from the soil; that the continued

growth of corn upon the same soil fa-vors its spread, and that corn grown

upon smutty soil, or soil upon which previous crops of smutty corn have been grown, will surely be infested, and that very extensively. The smut certainly comes from the root, and affects the whole plant. I have this year grown some smutty corn, in a piece of ground

some smutty corn, in a piece of ground

which was sown with smut last year from a previous crop of corn, in which

the main root, the aerial roots, the stem

many places, the leaves, the ears, the

abortive ones as well, and the tassel, are

each and all badly affected. The corn is totally untit for use, and has been cut down and destroyed before the spores

were mature enough to be spread. The

smut first appears as a white granular

scen and teal is seen under the micro-scope to be filled with threads of myce-lium and small patches of the granular substance, which consists of cells filled with spores in process of development,

in ovoid vesicles very much like the ovoid grains of the wheat and other

rusts, except in wanting color. When the spores are ripe, these vesicles or

egg-shaped spore cases burst, and the smut appears like brown dust collected

in masses. Separately the particles of smut are too small to be seen, except under a high power. The whole plant, when badly affected, seems to be filled with the mycelium or white threads of

the fungus upon which in places appear clusters of these colorless spore vesi-

It is undoubtedly a parasitic disease

of the sap, communicated by infection from the soil, and offers a striking similarity in character to those para-

sitic diseases of animals which are pro-

luced from infection by certain organ-

isms (cells or spores), which are taken into the blood through the stomach or lungs. To my mind, it appears that corn smut should be classed with pearblight, peach-yellows, the potato-rot,

the rust of strawberries, beets, etc.,

and the rust and smut of wheat and

oats. All along we have been consider-ing these to have been accidentally

communicated by spores falling upon the leaves or bark from the air; but I

am sure, from investigation during the past five years, that the disease springs

from the soil and enters by the roots.

and that we may sow the disease, even

Just here it might be pertinent to

suggest to your readers to consider this matter as they are preparing to sow

wheat. It is a frequent practice with careful farmers to prepare their seed

by steeping it in a corrosive liquid, such as a solution of suiphate of copper,

strong brine or lime water, or by dress-

ing the moist wheat with caustic dry lime just previously air-slaked. The reason for this practice may not be

are examined under a good microscope,

found to have more or less of grains of smut upon them, and if the seed is thus

sown, we sow the disease as effectively

with the droppings of another fowl that has the chicken cholera, or as if we our-

selves take into our stomachs some water fouled with cesspool matter which

produces typhoid fever with the great-est certainty. So that, so far as the seed-wheat is concerned, we may, by

this precaution, prevent smut in the fu-ture crop, and the same will undoubt-

But precautions are also due in re-gard to feeding smutov corn or fodder to stock, and these should not be neg-

ected. Perhaps the best thing to do

is, when the corn is cut, to keep all the

smutty corn by itself and burn it. The spores are practically imperishable, as

are the germs of the animal parasites referred to, and tire is the only safe

method of dealing with them. If we would be rid of these diseases we must "stamp them out."—H. Stewart, in

The Application of Fertilizers.

Perhaps something more may yet be learned in regard to the application of fertilizers and their supposed propensity to waste. Certainly facts like the fol-

its growth, and that this accords with his previous experience. If that is so, it upsets some of the theories of the so-called professors of agriculture. The idea has been prevalent that manures are injured by exposure to air and frost, and consequently thay are often housed.

and consequently they are often housed at considerable inconvenience till the time of planting, when they are covered

with earth as quickly as possible. Some plow them in, lest some of their precious qualities should be evaporated, and others harrow them in, through

fear of leaching. There are those who fork over their manures several times,

believing that it pays, and other mingle it with the soil by frequent

plowings. The corn-grower above re-terred to is a man of cautious speech

and abundant resources, and his testi-mony can be relied on. An opportunity is here given to establish a principle that may be of value to farmers. Let as "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Country Gentleman.

edly be true as regards seed-corn.

as if we feed to a hen some food fouled

the rough skin will nearly always

with the seed.

cles.

this plant.

-Borers should be killed by pushing a copper wire into the holes and punch-ing them, after which the holes may be lugged with grafting wax and -Plain Rice Pudding.-Soak half a

upful of rice over night. In the morning mix with the rice three tablespoon-fuls of sugar, a small piece of butter and a little salt. Pour over this one quart of new milk, and bake slowly two ours. -A ready method for hot fomenta-

ions is to place flannels in the steamer of an ordinary potato steam kettle. They readily become permeated with the steam when the kettle is placed on the fire, and can be readily changed without any fear of scalded fingers during the attempt to wring them suf ficiently dry, as in the ordinary method. -Prof. Beal, of Michigan, says: "If you have money to fool away, seed down your young orchard to clover and timothy, or sow a crop of wheat or oats. If you want the trees to thrive,

cultivate well till they are seven to ten

years old. Spread ashes, manure or salt broadcast. Stop cultivating in August, weeds or no weeds; this allows the trees to ripen for winter." —Danish Pudding.—One cupful of tapioca, three pints of water, half a teaspoonful of salt, half a teacupful of sugar, one tumblerful of any kind of oright jelly; wash the tapioca and soak in the water over night; in the morning put in a double boiler and cook one hour; stir frequently, add the salt, sugar and jelly, and mix thoroughly; turn into a mold that has been dipped in cold water and set away to harden;

serve with cream and sugar. -Careful farmers (says the American Cultivator) should always select their seed from the best-matured stalks while yet standing in the field. There is no loubt that a difference of ten per cent. could be made in the value of the crov in one year by a judicious and careful selection of the seed, and should this course be pursued for a series of years, a large increase could be made in the crops of corn of almost any good va-

-Oyster Pie. Oysters, one quart, pepper, one half teaspoonful, mace, one half teaspoonful, salt, one-half teaspoonul, cracker crumbs, one teacupful, but ter, one-quarier pound, pull paste, Strain the oysters; add the spice, cracker crumbs and the butter brotten in bits; put in a deep pie-dish lined with paste; add half the oyster liquor. The dish should be full, covered with rich puff paste, and baked until the crust is done.

stand on his legs, or walk about, while laboring under an attack of colic, is most inhuman. The same remark is also applicable to the plan of averaging the state of the most acute apprehension of coming misfortunes. The ideas of Hindoos as to beef are altogether different from those of Buddhists. The Hindoos regard to also applicable to the plan of exercising a deity. It has been said that they a horse during the time he is under the would eat human flesh rather than taste purgative action of a dose of physic.

He should be moved gently about beperish of starvation on board ship rath-He should be moved gently about out the should be moved gently about out fore the medicine commences to operate, but never after. Do those barbatrians who knock the animal about while been known to cat beef and like it. Indeed, one Brahman boasted during a deal, one Brahman boasted during a list to England that the sacreligious tion of medicine, ever think of what nourishment cured him of a bad asthma they are doing? If they were treated which had affected him for years, and themselves on the same plan, under similar circumstances, they would soon come to their senses regarding the management of the unfortunate animal ing away the sins of his deceased father. which is placed under their charge.-Kansas Farmer.

system and the secretions, and the con-sequent increase of the saliva and the volatile oil, and a little parsley dipped in vinegar and eaten after them partly overcomes the odor they impart to the breath, surely their virtues may plead for their more frequent use, especially as an adjunct to other articles of food. Mild and sweet in their native Orient, they are smaller and more pungent as they are transplanted to colder re-gions. The onions of Valencia and Bermuda surpass our own in sweetness and succulence; but we have many excellent sorts, which bear local names, given in accordance with their size, flavor and season. A few may be mentioned in such general terms as

will serve to distinguish them in purchasing.

The yellow onlon is mild in flavor and

A rather large, light-red onion, streaked with green is juicy and sweet, but, because less solid than some other sorts, does not keep so well; a dark-red variety, large and strongly flavored, keeps well, and is re-markable for its diuretic properties. The small, white pickling onions are true silverskins, sown late in the spring in rather poor soil in order to dwarf them; the mature silverskin or large white onion is one of the best varieties now in favor. The small silver-skins make the nicest pickles when they have been cooked for five minutes in salted boiling water, and then thrown into cold water for half an hour, while the vinegar to be used with them is being scalded with spices; they are strained from the water when quite cold, placed in glass or earthen jars, and covered with the scalding vinegar; after remaining for twenty-four hours the vin-egar is again scalded and poured again apon the onions, when the jar contain ng them is tightly closed from the air A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restora-tive in debility of the digestive organs. It is made by frying golden brown half-a-dozen sliced onions in sufficient butter to prevent burning, with a teaspoon ui of sugar; two quarts of clear soup are next added to the onions, together with a bouquet of sweet herbs and a palata ble seasoning of salt and pepper; these ingredients are allowed to simmer gently together for about a quarter of an hour while some slices of bread are being toasted and placed in the souptureen; the bouquet of herbs is then removed, and the broth and onions

poured upon the bread, when the soup is served hot. Two other preparations of onions may be mentioned as excellent. One of onions and eggs is made by peeling and cutting Valencia onions in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, seasoning a quarter of an inch thick, seasoning them with salt and pepper, frying them until tender, without burning, in butter; they are then transferred to a hot dish with a skimmer, a lemon is squeezed over them, and half a dozen poached eggs are laid upon them. A German dish of onlons and cheese is made by placing half-inch sileas of large made by placing half-inch slices of large onions in a buttered baking dish, sea-soning them with pepper and salt, and cooking them just tender in a hot oven. cooking them just lender in a hot oven. They are then arranged on a dish without breaking; a little grated cheese, preferably Parmesan, is dusted over them, and the dish is returned to the oven long enough to slightly melt the cheese, when it is ready to serve. Are not these dishes novel enough to tempt fastidious enters? If not, let them ponder upon the wish of a well-known metropolitan wit, who adores fair women and onions. Quoth he: "Oh, if I could but find a woman who adores onlons as I do! I would have her eat all she desired, and then—stand in the middle of the street until the rose returned to her breath."—Inliet Corsen.

Brahmans and Beef. The plous Hindoos of Benares are about to send a deputation to England to persuade Parliament to prohibit the slaughter of cows in any part of India. Such is the news from Calcutta; and, as the Maharajah of Benares is said to have engaged to defray all the expenses of the mission, there can be little doubt as to its reality. Indeed, the Hindoos of the old school have clung to the project of suppressing the consumption of beef throughout India from the day of the Moguis down to our own time. Della Valle, the Roman traveler, who visited Western India in the reign of James I., says that the Hindoos in Cambay, in Guzerat, prevailed on the Mogul Governor, with a large sum of money to prohibit the slaughter of cows under heavy penalties; and any man in Cam-bay, Mussulman or otherwise, who disobeyed this order was in danger of losing his life. The Emperor Aurungzebe was more intolerant, and was de-tested by he Rajpoot princes because he slaughtered cows in Rajpootna, not for the sake of the beef, but in a spirit

of persecution and revenge. As late as the end of the last century Tippoo Sultan excited horror throughout Southern India because he compelled large numbers of Hindoos to eat beef, in order to adding nature whenever it shows lack of the southern in the s pollute them beyond all hope of being restored to their caste, and thus forced them, as it were, to become Mohammethem, as it were, to become Mohammedans. Strange to say, nearly all the civil posts in his Government were filled by Brahmans, while his Prime Minister was a Brahman of the purest caste. They all pocketed the affront to their religion in consideration that they were pocketing large sums of money out of the coffers of the State; while Tippoo Sultan could not dispense with their services, since they were the only educated men in his dominions.

It may naturally be asked what there It may naturally be asked what there is in the cow to command such superstitious reverence. As a matter of fact the worship of the cow is associated with one of the oldest religions in the

world. From the remotest antiquity the cow has been regarded as the in-carnation of the female element in na-ture—the universal mother, as well as the giver of milk and butter, which are the choicest delicacies in the eyes of a pious and primitive people. The Egyptians worshiped the goddess Isis in the form of a woman, with the horns of a cow. The Hindoos worship a cow as an incarnation of Lakshmi, the wife of Vishnu, the holy, beautiful and pure ideal of woman, who rose out of the sea like another Aphrodite. To wake up in the morning and sea of the sea like another Aphrodite. To wake up in the morning and sea of the sea like another aphrodite. in the morning and see a cow is the best omen of good luck that can befall a Hindoo, just in the same way that to wake up and see a widow drives him into a state of the most acute appre-

-A yard locomotive at Providence, Onions.

The onion stands pre-eminent as a table vegetable. Apart from its flavor it possesses medicinal virtues of a marked character. When eaten in moderation it stimulates the circulatory ute, with no one on board. sequent increase of the saliva and the gastric ju ce promotes digestion. The large red variety is an excellent diuretic, and two or three small white vain to keep the steam shut off from onions are recommended by Buckland the piston, but was three times blown to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomina. They are slightly tonic, and to a certain degree nutritious. Since cooking deprives them of some of their cover himself, the locomotive had shot out of reach and the valves were forced wide open. The station agent at Cranston received a dispatch that it was coming, and turned the switch south of the station to ditch it, the steam escaped sufficiently fast to allow him to do so he ran it on a sidetrack. When it arrived the cab was so full of steam he could not get into it, and had to reach in with a stick to close the valve.

-The house at Duxbury, Mass. built by Miles Standish's son, Alexan-der, is still standing, and contains many of the old timbers saved from the fire when the house built and occupied by the doughty Captain Miles himself was burned in 1665. The grave of the Captain at Duxbury has long been ob-

THE Sunday Argus, Louisville (Ky.) ob serves: A Woodbury (N. J.)paper mentions the cure of the wife of Mr. Jos. H. Mills, of that place, by St. Jacobs Oil. She had rheumatism.

It must have 'n dull music for Adam in his garden nome, with no one to talk with about the crops, the cattle, the hens, ducks and geese.

THE Menasha (Wis.) Preu says: A. Granger, Esq., of this city, uses St. Jacobs Oil on his horses with decided success and profit. To REMOVE fat. A great many recipes have been given; but the quickest way is to call the soap-grease man.—Boston Tran-

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Sb—I have advised many ladles to try your
Favorite Prescription' and never see it
fail to do more than you advertise.
Yours truly, Mrs. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE Paper-Trade Journal says making coffins of paper is rather running the thing into the ground.

THE MARKETS. NEW YORK, October 4, 1881.

BHEEP

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffer-ing from nervous debility and kindred weak-nesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. Would's Dispensanty Medical Associa-tion, Buffalo, N. Y.

Don't judge a man too hastily when you see him coming out of a public house wiping his mouth. His action is an inn-signifi-

IP you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce'.
'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,'' the origina
'Little Liver Pilis." Of all druggists.

THE boy who has been as lively as a crick-et all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school

Bogus Certificates.

It is no vile drugged stuff, pretending to be made of wonderful foreign roots, barks, &c., and puffed up by long bogus certificates of pretended miraculous cures, but a simple, pure, effective medicine, made of weil known valuable remedies, that furnishes its own certificates by its cures. We refer to Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See another column.—Resubedicines. See another column .- Repu

Life and health are preserved by carefully adding nature whenever it shows lack of ability to carry on its work. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals Kidney-Wort. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all Druggists.—Call.

Bed-bugs, Ronches, Rats, cats, mice, ants, flies, insects, cleared out by "Rough on Rats" 15c, druggists.

An inferior article is dear at any price. Renember this, and buy Frazer Axle Grease. Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c

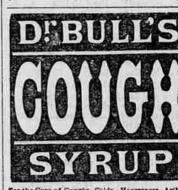
WHAT IS GOOD FOR MAN IS GOOD

FOR BEAST.

Mn.J. A. Walton is one of the most prominent table proprietors and blooded-stock owners in the northern part of the city of Philadelphia.—
1243 N. Twelfth street. Mr. W. has devoted the best years of his life to the study and training of horses, and he is considered an authority in all matters pertaining to horselfesh. Feeling desirous of hearing what he had to say in proprie prasma regarding the merits of St. Jacons Ol. as a remedy for some of the filt that horselfesh is heir to, the writer resolved to go direct to Mr. Walton's stables for the purpose of interviewing him on the subject. Mr. Walton talked freely upon the matter and sale; "After many year active experience I can safely say that I conside



months since I first commenced using that Oil on my horses, and I shall continue to use ft. I happened to commence using 87. Jacobs Oft. on horses in this way. My father is over eighty years of age and is subject to many of the allments incident to old age. Among other things he has Rheumatic attacks, pains in his limbs and joints, and aches in different parts of his body. He commenced using 87. Jacobs On several months since, and after rubbing himself freely with the Uniment night and morning according to the printed directions, he obtained the most decided relief. Whenever he has any pain now he uses 87. Jacobs Oil and it siways drives the pain away. Now I fully know from personal observation that What is send for man is good for bend."—Further reports bring the gratifying in telligence that Arisides Weish, Esq., of Erdenheim Stock-Farm, near Philadelphia, Pa., the breder of that famed racer, Iroquois, above represented, uses and strongly endorses 87. Jacobs Oil as a wonderful remedy in its effects upon his stock. His expecience with the Great German Emmedy justified him in giving his unqualified indorsement of it, and in saying that his chief groom rhould always use it on the farm.





Is reimbursed in great measure, to those trouble with weak kidneys, by a judicious use of Hostetter Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and stimulate without exciting the urinary organs. In con-

Contiac All Sept 19.1881. & sell lots of your Piso's Bure for Concumption for it does the work and is so pleasant to take. Otisa good cough medicine and no gasof Streamer Rumbug.

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Caused by Malarial Polsoning of the Blood.
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In this year one the Advertisement

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It will cure entirely the worst form of Pensals Complaints, all oversan troubles, Intammation and Ulceration, Palling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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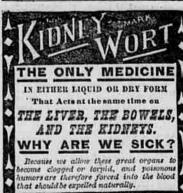
gastion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weights and backache, is always permanently cured by its use, It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female spread.
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